

CHANG OF CHINA

PICKS OUT THE PRETTIEST



FOR the first time in his life Chang Hoon has sat at table with women of a race other than his own Celestial one.

It is an event unparalleled in the history of the Chinese Empire. Chang Yuen Hoon is the new Minister to the Court of St. James. Nephew of the great Li Hung Chang, Minister of Foreign Affairs in China and chairman of the Board of Revenue, he is a man of great wealth and highest rank, even for China. His Excellency has just visited this city with two of his countrymen of vast importance. One is Wu Ting Fang, the new Minister to Washington. The other is Chun Oitung, a clever young Chinaman educated at Yale, an



“There are others,” I said faintly. Wu Ting Fang caught the whisper. “Where?” he asked, with as much excitement as a well-bred American might have shown. “There—here—everywhere. Don’t you see them?” “But we cannot see them. They have on big hats and they are even sometimes veiled. Then, too, they are so far off,” he complained like a child. “I would like one!” “You shall!” I cried. “I promise that you shall. You shall meet half a dozen of the handsomest women in New York!” “The Whirl of the Town?” was in rehearsal at the Casino. The orchestra was banging at their notes and the chorus was singing out of tune. “Would you like a prize for beauty?” I asked, introducing a few notes. “A brand new one?” cried Madge Lessing with the air of one who had had many. “Yes, a foreign one. Who is that?” I exclaimed quickly. It was so dark one could only see outlines, but the young woman’s outlines were excellent. “She’s going to make a hit, Gertrude Zella is. You just see if she don’t.” Some agent or manager was recommending her, so I added the name of Gertrude Zella to my list. A burst of light and song greeted me behind the scenes at “The Girl from Paris.” It was Saturday night and the house was packed. Clara Lipman had on all her war paint, and she was just about to dash into the glare of the footlights when I started her with my beauty proposition. “Heavens! I’ve nothing to wear,” was all she said. But her husband, Louis Mann, came to the rescue. Virginia Earle, whom I sought next, was timid and retiring. “Why me?” she said; “why?” And it took some minutes to convince her.

you will here read. These Chinamen, be it known, in their own country, correspondingly rank, say, to the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone and the young Duke of Marlborough in England.



At the Waldorf, where I saw dozens of handsome women. I sat between them, looking out into the crowded theatre, where I saw dozens of handsome women. “There are others,” I said faintly. Wu Ting Fang caught the whisper. “Where?” he asked, with as much excitement as a well-bred American might have shown. “There—here—everywhere. Don’t you see them?” “But we cannot see them. They have on big hats and they are even sometimes veiled. Then, too, they are so far off,” he complained like a child. “I would like one!” “You shall!” I cried. “I promise that you shall. You shall meet half a dozen of the handsomest women in New York!” “The Whirl of the Town?” was in rehearsal at the Casino. The orchestra was banging at their notes and the chorus was singing out of tune. “Would you like a prize for beauty?” I asked, introducing a few notes. “A brand new one?” cried Madge Lessing with the air of one who had had many. “Yes, a foreign one. Who is that?” I exclaimed quickly. It was so dark one could only see outlines, but the young woman’s outlines were excellent. “She’s going to make a hit, Gertrude Zella is. You just see if she don’t.” Some agent or manager was recommending her, so I added the name of Gertrude Zella to my list. A burst of light and song greeted me behind the scenes at “The Girl from Paris.” It was Saturday night and the house was packed. Clara Lipman had on all her war paint, and she was just about to dash into the glare of the footlights when I started her with my beauty proposition. “Heavens! I’ve nothing to wear,” was all she said. But her husband, Louis Mann, came to the rescue. Virginia Earle, whom I sought next, was timid and retiring. “Why me?” she said; “why?” And it took some minutes to convince her.

his hand and they all sank into their seats. For the first time my guests seemed to realize that they were in the presence of men of importance. Chang, in his white



gown, embroidered with gold, became an impressive figure. “How many of your suite do you take to England with you?” “Oh, about a hundred,” he answered, nonchalantly. “Well, I’ve got a very good part; you might call it the lead, inquired Miss Zella. “I shall star next year,” said Miss Somerville. “Well, if ‘The Girl from Paris’ hasn’t made a hit, I’d like to know!” “Chun drew furiously at his cigar. “No, no, Lessing, she is pretty, but no beauty. She is too open eyed,

hands,” the Minister repeated reflectively. “You do not grow tired in your engagements? Strange! With us we make the love after marriage. Better, much better.” “Now you, the emancipated woman,” said Wu Ting Fang, glancing about him, “are you happy?” “Well, I’ve got a very good part; you might call it the lead, inquired Miss Zella. “I shall star next year,” said Miss Somerville. “Well, if ‘The Girl from Paris’ hasn’t made a hit, I’d like to know!”



“The feet and the throat,” translated Chun from the lips of his master, “he says too much of her.” “That is your fault,” murmured Wu looking at me reproachfully. “You made us go to her feet.” “For an oval face and a rounded chin how about the jessamine?” I cried. “Ah, she was sweet; she would make a good wife.” “Why, we have forgotten Margaret Robinson,” I cried. “I have not,” murmured Wu Ting Fang. “The chrysanthemum!” With cold decision Chun said glly: “She has the forehead twice as broad as it is high, she has also the eyes long and ox-like. The eyebrows are curved against all Chinese law, but in art, your art, one sees them. Her nose—yes, it is a straight line. Her mouth is neither pouting nor flat, the lips are neither thick nor thin, they are vermilion, and the little furrow above it is somewhat hollow and lower with pale roses,” quoted Chun. “Yes,” he said coldly, “yes, she has symmetry. More than Miss Lipman?” I asked. From the chair through the mouth of Chun came, “Lipman, Clara Sen—her face too long.” “There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion,” murmured Chun recalling his Bacon. “Chang Yuen Hoon moved an eyelash and Wu Ting Fang sang out: “Somerville, Amelia Sen.” “Lipman, Clara Sen.” “Lessing, Madge Sen.” “Earle, Virginia Sen.” “Zella, Gertrude Sen.” “Robinson, Margaret Sen, Russell, Lillian Sen, Fox, Della Sen.” China’s Envoy to the Court of St. James turned down his thumb at the name Margaret Robinson, and the Chinese said, was east. THE NEW WOMAN.

For a moment or two he translated to Chang. “No, only see face,” said the great potentate, shaking his head and pulling at his pipe. “How old she?” “Oh, very young, very young.” Chang shook his head, while Chun remained silent, an ominous silence. Then Wu Ting Fang said: “She is married—that is fatal. A married woman can never win the vote of Wu Ting Fang. Why? Well, because—because—” “Because she belongs to another man!” cried the Americanized Chun. An attendant removed Chang’s pipe, and while he was replacing it with another his lips gave forth “Dandelion.” “Madge Lessing,” I cried. “Pretty, yes, pretty,” said Wu Ting Fang.



too healthy, not enough of the spirituelle—she is laughing, good-natured— “Too much chin,” said Wu Ting Fang unconsciously lapsing into slang. “Ah, me want the fragile, the like, the pale.” “The lily, the jessamine,” I cried offering Amelia Somerville and Gertrude Zella. The two men smoked silently, even Wu Ting Fang leaped into reflection. “Have you read Tribby?” I asked. “Well, you know her feet?” Amelia’s are like them.” “Ah, so,” Wu Ting Fang looked enthusiastic, while Chun once more became reminiscent of rules. “And her throat it slopes from beneath the chin with a fullness. It is long and slender, it makes handsome curves—” “The feet and the throat,” translated Chun from the lips of his master, “he says too much of her.” “That is your fault,” murmured Wu looking at me reproachfully. “You made us go to her feet.” “For an oval face and a rounded chin how about the jessamine?” I cried. “Ah, she was sweet; she would make a good wife.” “Why, we have forgotten Margaret Robinson,” I cried. “I have not,” murmured Wu Ting Fang. “The chrysanthemum!” With cold decision Chun said glly: “She has the forehead twice as broad as it is high, she has also the eyes long and ox-like. The eyebrows are curved against all Chinese law, but in art, your art, one sees them. Her nose—yes, it is a straight line. Her mouth is neither pouting nor flat, the lips are neither thick nor thin, they are vermilion, and the little furrow above it is somewhat hollow and lower with pale roses,” quoted Chun. “Yes,” he said coldly, “yes, she has symmetry. More than Miss Lipman?” I asked. From the chair through the mouth of Chun came, “Lipman, Clara Sen—her face too long.” “There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion,” murmured Chun recalling his Bacon. “Chang Yuen Hoon moved an eyelash and Wu Ting Fang sang out: “Somerville, Amelia Sen.” “Lipman, Clara Sen.” “Lessing, Madge Sen.” “Earle, Virginia Sen.” “Zella, Gertrude Sen.” “Robinson, Margaret Sen, Russell, Lillian Sen, Fox, Della Sen.” China’s Envoy to the Court of St. James turned down his thumb at the name Margaret Robinson, and the Chinese said, was east. THE NEW WOMAN.

CHANG YUEN HOON, CHINA’S HIGH AND MIGHTY ENVOY, AT THE WALDORF,

PICKING OUT THE PRETTIEST GIRL HE HAS SEEN IN NEW YORK.